

THE

CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME III
NUMBER 29

AUGUST 28, 1930

FIVE CENTS

This Issue in Miniature

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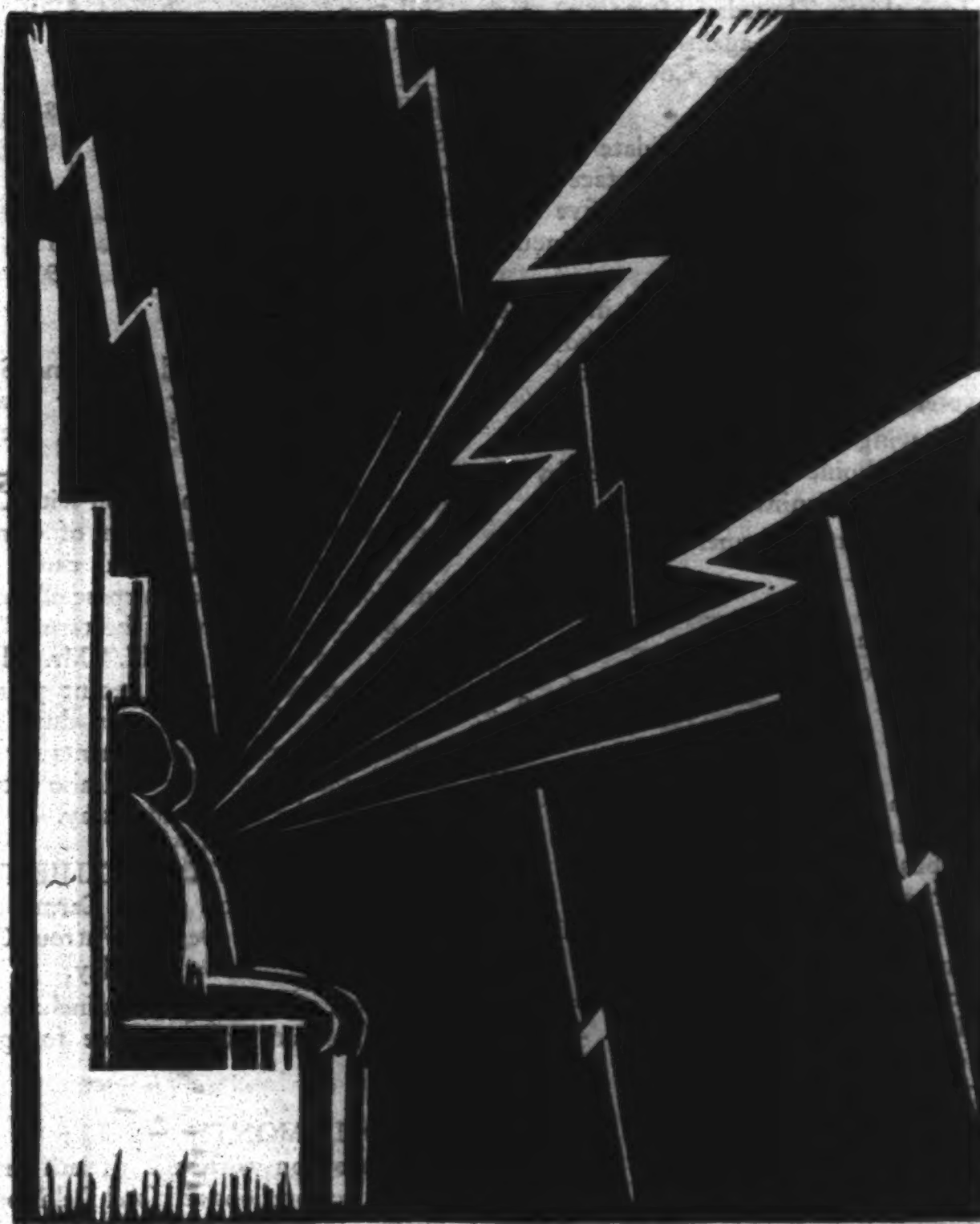
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THE LIGHTNING STRIKES

A LINOLEUM CUT BY PETER FRIEDRICHSEN, SUGGESTED BY THE PLAYHOUSE PRODUCTION, "GODS OF THE LIGHTNING" OPENING TOMORROW EVENING

Carmel News

ELECTION

Carmel's choice in the gubernatorial race as decided in Tuesday's primary election failed to coincide with that of the State at large. Out of a total of 604 votes polled in the three Carmel precincts and 194 in Point Lobos precinct, Governor Young received 515, Mayor Rolph, 169; Fitts, 44; Milton K. Young, 14; and Clara Foltz, 1.

Carmel's two candidates for district and county offices failed to win out.

In the Assembly contest, the latest count (one-thirty Thursday afternoon) gave Jespersen 6703 as against DeYoe's 4,520, with three Monterey County precincts yet to report.

W. C. Tarr, Carmel candidate for sheriff, made a good showing in face of the odds, but with the field split five ways it was an easy victory for the incumbent, Abbott.

Out of 884 voters registered in Carmel, 604 went to the polls. Point Lobos, with a registration of 278, reported 194 voters.

Following is the tabulated vote of Carmel and Point Lobos, as compiled by the "Monterey Peninsula Herald":

(First column, Carmel; second, Lobos.)

Governor—		
Rolph	126	43
C. C. Young	306	109
M. K. Young	7	7
Fitts	35	9
Foltz	1	—
Kinsley	47	19
Lieutenant-Governor—		
Merriam	61	11
Tubbs	80	38
Carnahan	184	56
Chamberlain	31	10
Secretary of State—		
Bruce	41	15
Hutchins	24	3
Jordan	343	115
Controller—		
Collins	73	17
Rambo	21	6
Riley	272	98
Treasurer—		
F. J. Smith	101	30
W. E. Smith	21	8
A. J. Johnson	39	8
C. G. Johnson	199	74
Attorney General—		
Webb	334	124
Ehrlich	11	9
F. M. Smith	25	4
Congressman—		
Rittenhouse	115	25

W. S. Smith	15	3
A. M. Free	273	119
Associate Justice—		
Deasy	171	66
Spence	274	71
Assemblyman—		
DeYoe	302	126
Fanning	36	11
Jespersen	102	34
Justice of the Peace—		
Baugh	312	100
Dougherty	72	31
Follett	63	13
Pietrobono	123	29
Sheriff—		
Tarr	328	65
Abbott	197	61
Moreau	41	48
Skilicorn	1	1
Snyder	15	4
District Attorney—		
Pollock	184	46
Scott	303	109
Tax Collector—		
Holm	402	126
Witherspoon	19	7
Brinan	93	26

ARTISTS' HAVEN

Harrison Fisher arrived in Carmel Sunday, accompanied by another distinguished member of his craft, Henry Clive.

Mr. Fisher, whose connection with Carmel dates back to the days of George Sterling and Jack London, came this time for the particular purpose of showing his companion what he terms "the beauty spot of the world." Mr. Clive, Australian born but of recent years a resident in the States, was duly impressed as he made arrangements for the winter. Harrison Fisher will also return in October for an extended stay.

ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBIT

The autumn exhibit of the Carmel Art Association at the Denny-Watrous Gallery will terminate on Saturday.

A number of small paintings included in the exhibit are still available for purchase.

AT DEL MONTE GALLERY

In connection with the fiftieth anniversary celebrations at Hotel Del Monte, Josephine Blanche, director of the Del Monte Art Gallery has assembled an unusually large exhibit of representative work by Peninsula artists.

Among the exhibitors are Arthur Hill Gilbert, Armin Hansen, Charlton Fortune, William Silva, Evelyn McCormick, James Fitzgerald, Mary Black, Percy Gray, M. deNeale Morgan, Burton Boundy, Hanson Pulkoff and Ray Boynton.

ALBEES SAFE IN THE NORTHLAND

Confirming previous reports of the safety of Mr. and Mrs. William Albee, Jr., of Carmel, who at one time were feared lost in the Yukon, a letter from the couple has been received by Mr. Albee's parents, who reside at Glendale.

The letter was written July twenty-fifth. The following day, the young couple said, they were leaving for Port Lird, three hundred miles distant in southeastern Alaska.

They left California last June, intending to hike through British Columbia and across the interior of Alaska, hoping eventually to reach Nome, a trip which woodsmen regarded as extremely dangerous.

If successful in the present journey, the couple hopes to continue on around the world. The letter said in part:

"During the past week, we have been enjoying the bountiful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Melynk of the Hudson bay post here. This is the third Hudson bay post we have visited and the most remote.

"Everything shipped takes twelve days to come (presumably from Prince George), and the charges are sixteen cents per pound. In other words flour sells for thirty-five cents a pound.

"We spoke of the Indians here. Most of them are of mixed blood and suffer from the stigma that always goes with the half-breed. They have no native arts. They are like children and try to imitate the whites in every way.

"They do little trapping in the colder months and only hunting enough to keep them from starvation."

Albee said he is carrying a seventy-five-pound pack and his wife a fifty-pound pack. A dog, "Weasel," is carrying thirty-pounds. They have rifles and they made four pairs of moccasins to tramp in. They also carry an ax for cutting wood and making bridges and rafts over streams.

They made no mention of any hardships or the trials of the rugged country ahead.

STRAUSS IN SAN FRANCISCO

Lawrence Strauss, whose recital at the Playhouse was an event of the summer, appeared in concert yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Harry Hill in San Francisco.

Mr. Strauss leaves early in September for New York to begin his eastern engagements.

SCHOOL DAYS

Next Tuesday morning will find the children of Carmel once again hastening on their way to Sunset School with the reluctant eagerness characteristic of "the first day of school."

All children of school age must enroll on the opening day. The youngest eligibles are those who have arrived at the age of four and a half years, thus qualifying for enrollment in the kindergarten. The school authorities expect for the ensuing term a kindergarten enrollment warranting two sessions.

Children above five and a half years may enter the first grade. Parents are requested to accompany children just setting out on their school careers, as well as children enrolling at Sunset for the first time. Pupils transferring to Carmel from other schools should bring their transfer slips and report cards.

Mr. O. W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset, has announced the following teacher assignments:

Miss Alberta Riemen, kindergarten
Mrs. Julia Brenig, first grade
Mrs. Edna Lockwood, second grade
Miss Marion Ohm, third grade
Mrs. Frances Farley, fourth grade
Miss Anna Marie Baer, fifth grade
Mr. Milton Lanyon, sixth grade
Miss Mae Townsend, seventh grade
Miss Helen Gridley, eighth grade
Mr. Ernest Calley, shop
Miss Madeline Currey, music
Miss Jean Wallace, physical education
Miss Elinore Smith, nature study

The school cafeteria will be under the supervision of Mrs. Schrapps.

On Saturday morning, teachers will hold their first staff meeting for discussion of plans for the coming term.

HONOR FOR PROFESSOR SEARCH

Professor Preston W. Search, hale and hearty for all his seventy-seven years of activity, left on Friday for San Francisco on the first leg of a trip to Detroit, where he goes to be guest of honor at the national convention of Phi Delta Theta. The convention is to be held on board a Great Lakes steamer.

Professor Search is a charter member of the fraternity and as such will be shown special honors at the convention. Traveling as a sort of "minister plenipotentiary" from members of the fraternity on the coast, he carried letters of greeting from Governor C. C. Young, Chief Justice Waste of the California Supreme Court and other prominent members of the fraternity. Governor Young's letter included an invitation to hold the next convention in California.

CONCLUDING RECITAL OF THE SUMMER SERIES

Carmel's summer festival of music came to a brilliant close with the joint recital of Willette Allen, danseuse, and Allen Bier, pianist, Wednesday morning in Carmel Playhouse. Here, as in the five preceding recitals, was evident wisdom on the part of the directors in selecting artists of wide appeal and sufficient merit to attract a capacity audience and to hold its interest throughout the entire program.

The playing of Allan Bier is of a quality entirely his own. The semblance of a veil clothes his tones and whether he plays the most delicate pianissimo passages, or those demanding great brilliance, there is present a feeling of great reserve, causing the listener to wonder what is concealed. Only once, in the Scriabine "Etude in F Sharp," did he break through, revealing a more ordinary quality of tone. His own composition, "Summer Dusk," especially displayed that meditative nature of his playing.

Willette Allen completely captivated the audience with her charming personality and delightful dancing. In perfect control, she held a supple, buoyant figure, capable of a wealth of gestures.

Although she appeared in but a few numbers, Miss Allen displayed great versatility both in movement and conception. In her first group, the Chopin "Waltz in A Flat" was beautiful for its rhythmic, lyrical beauty. Quite different from this was her interpretation of the Chopin "Etude in E Flat" wherein there was a surprising depth of feeling coming from a dancer of such fragile beauty. And more in the vein of her first number, but even more vivacious and sprightly, was her dancing to the Chopin "Mazurka in A Minor."

Following this first group was the number symbolizing the movements of the snake. Original gestures combined with her fine control made this interpretation of Debussy's "Epigraph" remarkably beautiful. Again of a different nature, but equally effective, was Miss Allen's dancing in the Amani "Orientale" number, which called for more intensity and vigor than did her previous interpretations.

Miss Allen's final dance, done to Chopin's "Etude in E Major," surpassed all that had gone before in sheer beauty.

The audience, won even with the first number, was completely captured by this rendition. It would be difficult to imagine anything lovelier to look upon.

A. M. B.

MISS HAZEL ZIMMERMAN ON INVESTMENTS

"What Kinds of Bonds Are Most Profitable?" is a question which will be asked and answered by Miss Hazel L. Zimmerman next Wednesday, September third, at Carmel Playhouse. This will be the third of a series of four talks arranged by Miss Zimmerman as part of an instructive program sponsored by the Pearsons-Taft Co., San Francisco investment house. The concluding talk of the Carmel series will be given on Thursday, September fourth, when Miss Zimmerman's subject will be "What Common Stocks Should I Choose?"

The lectures are without admission charge and begin each afternoon at two-thirty. Questions from the audience pertaining to investment matters will be answered at the conclusion of the talk.

Emphasizing the necessity of spreading such information as Miss Zimmerman conveys, it is pointed out that women now control fully fifty-one per cent of the world's wealth. In many of the largest corporations women stockholders outnumber men. They are daily growing to be more and more a financial power, yet women in general have not acquired the investment knowledge necessary to keep pace with their large investments. Last year alone, more than \$700,000,000 of worthless securities were bought by women of the United States.

CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF

With only a few finishing touches yet to be applied, the stage is almost in readiness for the California State amateur golf tournament, September first to seventh.

Officials are being selected, caddies have been secured, and the four Peninsula courses to be used for the tourney are said to be in perfect playing condition. Entries for the championship close at noon of Saturday, August thirtieth. Monterey Peninsula golfers who will take part include Eugene Marble, of Carmel Valley; Gerald Hardy, lessee of the Golden Bough; Charles Biggar, also of Carmel; Robert Edgren, Pacific Grove; Robert E. Hunter and Jack Neville, Pebble Beach; William Kynoch and Lewis Pierce, Del Monte; and Dr. H. L. Brownell, H. D. Bullock, Glenn Littlefield and Calvin Orr, Monterey.

THE CARMELITE: Printed and published weekly, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. J. A. COUGHLIN, Publisher; Entered as second class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, two dollars per annum, single copies five cents.

RICHARD BUHLIG DELIGHTS APPRECIATIVE AUDIENCE

By HENRY COWELL

Richard Buhlig is the finest pianist in this country, who is also a truly fine musician—or should I have put it the other way about? Usually there is either one or the other thing—a fine and sensitive general musician, who plays the piano in a more or less casual manner, but puts over an idea in doing so. Then among the men who are extraordinarily proficient on the instrument itself, we find they often have atrocious taste in music; that they are skilled acrobats at the keyboard rather than musicians. The proof of this is in the showy selections they choose for concert performance.

Buhlig made a splendid selection of significant classics at his recital at the Denny-Watrous Gallery Tuesday evening. His was not the selection of a musician whose vision does not transcend the nineteenth century; rather it was a selection of the master works of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries which are timeless, and remain interesting to the modernist as well as to the conservative. Frescobaldi, the great but

little known master of the time just before and overlapping Bach's time opened the program. Mozart's "Fantasy in C Minor" was also a very astute work to have been chosen. It represents the quintessence of modernity in its own time; and such works remain endlessly fresh. Bach's "French Suite" and Beethoven's "Variations in C Minor" are great works, too little played. The reason they are little played is because they are frightfully hard to play, and yet are not showy—the auditors do not realize (unless they have had personal experience) the genuine difficulties of performing these works. Buhlig played them masterfully. As usual, he chose the works not with a view to their impressing the audience with how well he can play, but because they are the works crying out to be performed, and interesting to the finest musical intelligence.

The program ended with a real glimpse of "Alt Wien," graphically described by Buhlig, and then emotionally brought home through the rarely played dances of Schubert, which are fairly permeated with the spirit of Vienna in the past century, and the unparaphrased version of the "Blue Danube Waltz."

Buhlig is appreciated as no other pianist by those discriminating auditors who prefer music to showmanship.

"GODS OF THE LIGHTNING" READY FOR OPENING

"Gods of the Lightning," opening at the Playhouse tomorrow night, is conceded to be one of the most thrilling and powerful plays of this generation of Americans. Comparable in spots to Hauptmann's famous "The Weavers," it surpasses the German play in its plain, vigorous, untheatrical writing; as for the court-room scenes, nothing that has gone before can be compared to them.

Even in rehearsals, without the aid of settings and other theatrical accessories, these scenes have made deep impression upon invited onlookers. In the words of a New York reviewer, the court-room "simply rocks and trembles" with the flaming fury of the Irish leader Macready (Morris Ankrum), the quiet despair of the gentle Italian anarchist Capraro (Ben Legere), and the rumbling thunder of the sinister Russian arch-criminal Suvorin (Edward Kuster).

The first act of "Gods of the Lightning" is laid in a lunch-room located in a building given over to labor organizations of all sorts. Here foregather not only the labor leaders, but also those queer eccentrics that hang around the edge of labor movements—bookworms, panhandlers, astrologers and other human motely. To these last characters most of the humor of the play is delegated. This act ends with the arrest of Macready and Capraro under circumstances dramatic in highest degree. The second act is given over to the scenes in the district attorney's office and in the court, culminating in an episode of such passion and fury as has seldom been placed upon the stage. The last act is a masterpiece of dramatic writing, and is again laid in the restaurant, while bulletins on the newspaper building across the street flash from time to time news of the fate of the doomed Macready, Capraro and Suvorin.

Much of the testimony and many of the judge's rulings and comments in the trial scenes are taken verbatim from the records of the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti, but the men on trial in this instance are men of dynamic strength and strong passions instead of the pitifully bewildered Italians who figured in the famous Massachusetts case. Moreover the underlying story leading up to the court proceedings is quite unlike the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and the last act is from beginning to end a fine piece of purely imaginative writing. The whole makes a play of exceptional power and interest—not a plea for economic reform but for

To Carmel Artists:

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TUESDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 2 AT 8:30

OROZCO LITHOGRAPHS ON WALL MONDAY

even-handed justice under existing law. The cast is as follows:—

Judge Vail	Galt Bell
Salter	Gordon Nelson
Gluckstein	Addison Richards
Mrs. Lubin	Lila Eccles
Rosalie	Gloria Stuart
Haslet	Robert Parrott
Bartlet	Jerry Felton
Macready	Morris Ankrum
Capraro	Ben Legere
Suvorin	Edward Kuster
Harry Lubin	Leon Wilson
Heine	Andre Johnstone
Milkin	Leo Ross
Ike	Frederik Rummelle
Sowerby	Alberte Van Houtte
Ward	Albert Horenstein
Spiker	Herbert Pattee
Pete	Art Mason
Bauer	Charles MacGrath
Police Sergeant	Elliott Durham
Jury foreman	Richard Hoagland
Salvation lassie	

Elizabeth Lawrence or Holly Ehrenberg

Jerusalem Slim	Will Campbell
Court Clerk	Gordon Smith
Andy	LaVerl Hamlin
Policemen	

John Haskel and Richard Bixler
 Sheriff Henry Gordon Newell
 Jurymen, Policemen, Court Attendants,
 Loungers and Passers-by: Vasia Anikieff, Guy Koepp, F. O. Robbins, Bernard Rowntree, Fritz Wurzmunn, Richard Lamb, Sam MacMunn, John Alex Gibson, Archie Myers.

The action takes place in a large city on the eastern seaboard of the United States.

ACT I—
 Restaurant in the Labor Lyceum Building—10 P.M.

ACT II—
 Scene 1. Office of District Attorney Salter, in the court-house.

Scene 2. The Court-room—the Trial.

Scene 3. The Court-room—Motion for New Trial, and Sentence.

ACT III—
 The restaurant, as in Act I—11:40 on the night of the executions.

During the four-night run of "Gods of the Lightning," tickets will be on sale at the kiosk opposite the post-office, from two to five daily.

"THE BUILDING OF BAMBA"

An audience which for the greater part appeared to be frankly baffled saw and heard the presentation of Henry Cowell's opera-cantata, "The Building of Bamba" at the Forest Theater Saturday evening.

In a neatly-turned curtain speech, Hen-

ry Cowell explained that the production was an experiment in a virtually new form; "Heaven knows," he said, "whether or not you will be able to tell what it is all about." The story, he explained, was drawn from Irish folk-lore; the scores were by Edgar Cheetham and himself.

On the whole the cantata required on the part of the audience a mental attitude that was lacking. It would have been even more remarkable had that attitude existed, for the barrier of strangeness was present in two distinct forms—the symbolism of an esoteric mythology and a new musical idiom which, no matter how basically sound, remains but vaguely understood to the great majority of the uninitiated.

The principals, Borghild Janson, contralto; Helen McCabe, soprano; Olive Smith, soprano; Ruby Lundy, soprano; Thomas Glynn, bass-baritone and Chester Cox, tenor, appeared in the original Halcyon production. John Varian made an imposing Druid Interpreter.

A special word of praise is due the "supers," drawn from local talent. For sheer theatrical effectiveness, it would be difficult to improve upon the two scenes in which the weight of the performance was borne by the silent chorus.

The presentation of "The Building of

Bamba" was in keeping with the Denny-Watrous program of bringing to Carmel outstanding offerings of merit, no matter how far they may deviate from traditional standards. In technical arrangements for the production, Miss Denny and Miss Watrous had the full co-operation of the Forest Theater directors and volunteer assistants.

HEAR

MISS ZIMMERMAN

IN

INVESTMENT TALKS

FOR WOMEN

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

Wednesday, September 3, at 2:30 p.m.

"What Kind of Bond Are Most Profitable?"

Thursday, September 4, at 2:30 p.m.

"What Common Stocks Should I Choose?"

Admission Free

Bring your questions.

CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

FOUR NIGHTS STARTING TOMORROW

AUG. 29

GODS OF THE LIGHTNING

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MORRIS ANKRUM
 Stage Director

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SCHINDLER, ARCH-MODERN, TO SPEAK ON ARCHITECTURE

Two springs ago a few dozen people in Carmel heard an informal lecture on the new architecture, by Richard Neutra, now circling the globe as distinguished American representative of the *Congres Internationale d'Architecture Moderne*. Neutra's associate in architecture, Mr. R. M. Schindler, will lecture in Carmel at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening, September sixth.

These two men are among the dozen or two profoundly creative architects of our time, functioning almost isolatedly in a movement which has sprung up in many parts of the world.

They are intensely and dynamically consecrated to a revolutionary task—that of freeing architecture from traditionalism creating structures which shall be a full utterance of their time.

("We can never surpass the Greeks," the professors still solemnly say in their lecture rooms. When the bell rings the students politely file out, and secretly come to men like Schindler and Neutra. "Can't we study modern architecture with you?" they ask.)

Neutra is the absolute functionalist in design. Schindler is concerned with form. They differ as the music of Palestrina and of Bach. In the work of each, the structural forms are of utmost purity. Three-dimensional in their movement, they communicate a life attitude, they evoke an emotion.

The work of these men is revolutionary not only architecturally but socially. Much of it can be seen in Southern California. The city of Richmond, near Oakland, has recently asked them as outstanding modern creators, to design its new group of civic buildings.

An exhibit of "Contemporary Creative Architecture of California," which includes much of their work, is now on tour and will be seen this winter in leading museums from Cleveland to Honolulu.

Mr. Schindler, recently returned from work on a department store design in New York, is a speaker of brevity and charm. His lecture in Carmel, which will be illustrated by slides, will discuss the bases of contemporary architectural effort.

P. G. S.

CARMEL ART GALLERY

The exhibit of portraits by Celia B. Seymour continues at the Carmel Art Gallery in the Court of the Seven Arts. Included in the exhibit are studies of several personages well known in Carmel.

THE CARMELITE, AUGUST 28, 1930

HENRY COWELL SHARES HIS TRAVEL EXPERIENCES

Henry Cowell gave an interesting talk on Russian drama and theatricals before the Dramatic and United States History classes at Monterey Union High School last Friday.

Mr. Cowell mentioned that at one theatre in Russia, every actor and actress had to be an acrobat. This was required because the Russians evidently enjoy lively comic activities which are unusual and often ridiculous.

The dramatic organization of the working classes is called the "Blue Blouse." The workers congregate in the evenings and, improvising their stage, create their plots and dialogue in an impromptu manner. They have pianists who accompany them, improvising music suitable to the play. The audience, which is composed of the actors' families, sometimes becomes so enthusiastic over the play that they join in with the actors.

Mr. Cowell then gave a brief explanation of his opera, "The Building of Bamba," which was given at the Forest Theater Saturday evening.

The classes greatly enjoyed and appreciated this talk and hope that they will have many similar opportunities in the future.

A. N.

OROZCO LITHOGRAPHS ON DISPLAY

Beginning Tuesday, September third, the Denny-Watrous Gallery will show lithographs by Jose Clemente Orozco, the Mexican painter who recently visited Carmel. Orozco, hailed by some enthusiasts as a second El Greco, is considered one of the three leading artists of Mexico today, ranking with Diego Rivera and Charlot.

Jointly with the exhibit, Edward Weston will show portrait studies of contemporary Mexican artists, including Orozco.

A SECOND LECTURE BY HALLDIS STABELL

Acceding to numerous requests, Halldis Stabell, the Swedish teacher of scientific-aesthetic physical education, will again talk on correct posture and the basis of scientific bodily control in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Tuesday evening, September third, at eight-thirty. The talk is open to the public free of charge. Miss Stabell's work is interesting a large number of people, and so great is the enthusiasm of her pupils and those who have proven for themselves the value of her teaching, that she has consented to give another public talk on the subject.

A GIANT AMONG GIANTS

On the occasion of Jose Clemente Orozco's recent visit to Carmel, Edward Weston wrote for The Carmelite some impressions of the artist and his work, touching particularly on the mural executed by Orozco for Pomona College at Claremont, California. From the "Art Digest" we now gather further particulars of this outstanding work.

Professor Joseph Pijoan of Pomona College, asked Orozco to come from New York to Pomona to paint a mural for Frary Hall. Orozco arrived and the professor, after telling him how "a few kids and a few penniless professors" had collected a small sum for the undertaking, said, "We have very little money." Orozco said nothing for a moment, then with a quiet smile asked, "But have you the wall?"

Now the work is finished and from the north wall above a huge fireplace in Frary Hall Orozco's modern interpretation of Prometheus, the fire-bringing giant stands forth—a mighty twenty-foot titan. To quote Arthur Millier of the Los Angeles "Times," "Orozco has energized that wall with his sublime conception of Prometheus bearing fire to cold longing humanity, until it lives as probably no wall in the United States today.

"The agony of the giant fills the Gothic arch that frames the painted wall. Behind him the crowd moves tumultuously animated by the fire that causes his agony. They do not understand the source of the heat that gives them life. Those on the outskirts are intensely cold.

"The red of fire is the living color that richens the wall. Earth yellow and black are other positive pigments and patches of blue and blue-green give life and atmosphere. The theme is peculiarly suited to Orozco because no living artist surpasses him in the power of expressive figure drawing. Where joints turn, where sinews grow taut, every emotion is expressed. He has little interest in anatomy for its own sake and so despite the great scale there is no feeling of oppressive bulk, only of superb power.

"Actually it brings to us a bit of the most significant art outburst of our time. The esthetic experiments of modern Paris are trifling matters compared to the Mexican wall paintings of the last nine years."

The Prometheus fresco is just a start of what Professor Pijoan plans for the walls of Pomona College. The succumbing titan would be surrounded by the three Parents of the Giants—Ouranos or the sky, Telus or Mother Earth and Oceanus. Then on the eight side panels

there would be depicted the main episode in the history of the giants—the fight with the gods: Jupiter with his lion's mane hurling thunderbolts at a snaky giant, his daughter Minerva, with long hair and blue eyes, throwing a spear at a winged giant, Neptune forking a fishy giant with his triton and Diana shooting her arrow at another. A final scene would show the giants hurled down by the power of the gods.

"This is the scheme that we have for Orozco and we need but thirty thousand dollars," wrote Pijoan to Millier. "The world is full of unknown friends. Who can tell that one of them will not read this letter and come forward with an earnest desire to associate himself with this great work? We have here the artist and the walls, we need the money only!"

"TALKIES" vs. THE STAGE

Frank Sheridan was asked the other day if he thought that talking pictures would not eventually eliminate the legitimate theatre.

"No," replied the veteran of stage and screen, "no more than a telephone conversation will satisfy you when you want to see some one in person.

"I think Governor Smith—Al, I mean—summed up the difference between talking to an audience you can see and hear, and talking to a microphone, when he said that the 'mike' was a cold piece of metal that could not produce an original idea or thought in a hundred years.

"No, there's that something which goes across the footlights between player and auditor that the talking film has not and never will attain."

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Nestling under the high-pitched eaves of the Wilson building at the corner of Ocean and Dolores is a comparatively new shop with the unrevealing name of Squiggs Attic. A climb up the single flight of stairs brings the visitor to a cozy room filled with an interesting assortment of articles comprising the Squiggs Attic stock in trade.

Advertised as "a clearing house for Carmel arts," the Attic collection comprises examples of local handicrafts in oil, water-colors, wood and metals, a well-chosen collection which offers many suggestions to the home furnisher or gift shopper. Distant fields also have been drawn upon, batiks from Java, native textiles from Tahiti and odds and ends from far corners of the horizon.

A distinctive innovation at Squiggs Attic is afternoon tea daily from three to five "with the compliments of the management."

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SUMMER THEATRICAL SEASON IN RETROSPECT

By OLIVER M. GALE, JR.

Carmel's summer season is over. Although theatrical activities are continuing for another month or so, it is taking on the tinge of a fall season. There is therefore some excuse for a short review of the productions so far, besides the rather obvious one that this particular reviewer is leaving Carmel.

The summer has been a busy one, and a very profitable one. Five well attended productions in a little over a month in a town the size of Carmel is a record deserving of no little commendation. The general quality of the work has been decidedly high; the plays chosen were usually well worth doing. If the remaining plays of the Carmel Playhouse keep up the high standard set by two previous ones—and there is no reason for thinking that they will not—the season may go on record as a complete success.

"The God of Gods" opened the Forest Theater. It was the case of a bad play done well. If Mr. Carrol Aikens knows the generally accepted rules of playwriting, he did not show it. And these rules are not arbitrarily imposed; they are suggested by a study of dramatic successes. If a man wishes to break them, he may do so; but it is well to substitute some equally intelligent construction. Mr. Aikens did neither. But after the rather fundamental mistake of choosing such a play, the production was quite satisfactory. Because of good acting and the splendid settings out there in the open air theatre, the evening was thoroughly enjoyable.

Edward Kuster's production of "The Thrip'ny Opera" was perhaps the outstanding event of the season. A very ambitious undertaking, it was carried with great success. Morris Ankrum is a master of stylization, and under his direction a very effective piece of work was created. The acting was exceptionally good throughout, the settings were splendidly in accord with the spirit of the play. "The Thrip'ny Opera" was a success both in acting and in production. "Carmel Nights" was surprisingly good for an amateur revue. It is often necessary for a group of amateurs to put on occasionally a popular form of entertainment, since unfortunately the most artistic, idealistic plays are not always the most lucrative. As long as the popularity of such revues does not change them from an expedient to a practice, it is a perfectly laudable way of raising an annual subsidy. It would be unfor-

tunate if the facilities of the Forest Theater ever were devoted exclusively to popular revues, but there is no reason to believe that such will ever happen. If it does I hope all the revues will be as good as Elliott Durham's "Carmel Nights."

"The Sea-gull" put another feather in the cap of Edward Kuster. If, in my criticism of the production, I left Morris Ankrum's fine directing unmentioned, it was because I took it for granted that my approval of the production automatically applauded his handling of the play. The success of a play, particularly a Russian play, lies in the hands of the director. He it is that sees the play as a whole and at the same time polishes the details to fit into the whole. If a play succeeds, the director is praised by the very nature of things. In "The Sea-gull" everything went smoothly. There were some very fine effects achieved by careful timing and placing of characters on the stage. The general calibre of the acting was good. That Carmel was able to give a production of Tchekov at all is admirable; that they succeeded so well is most praiseworthy.

The Forest Theater closed their season with "Julius Caesar." The play was carried by the leading parts and the direction. Some of the parts were a bit shaky, some scenes were not played up to the hilt; but the general result was satisfactory. I am told that the second evening was much better than the first; which strengthens my original impression—that the play was not thoroughly prepared for presentation. But it was a large undertaking and its fine attendance was deserved.

There remains, then, two plays to be given by Mr. Kuster. Both these plays—"Gods of the Lightning" and "Karl and Anna" were given last season in New York without great success. But they are provocative and are good theatre. They afford opportunities for fine drama, and if they are done as well as the previous plays at the Carmel Playhouse, they will be well worth seeing.

I should like to see Carmel do some comedy. Four of the most tragic of tragedies does not make a well balanced season. Of course, "The Thrip'ny Opera" was played as comedy, but most of the popular reaction was to the tragedy in the play. There are many delightful comedies that would brighten up a season. And, to be great, need not be tragic. An audience, however, lugubrious, grows tired of seeing the characters repeatedly "die of the fifth act," as Goethe said. And Carmel is not particularly lugubrious.

THE CARMELITE, AUGUST 28, 1930

I have no hesitancy in saying that Carmel is one of the real centers of amateur theatricals in America. Not many places can boast of a record such as the above. Already it is becoming known in the East; a few more such seasons and it will be a Western Mecca for the civic drama. With the support of the people, and the continued interest and zeal of the many people who are willing to give their time and such hard work to the cause, there is no reason why Carmel should not continue on the road to national recognition and—what is more important—become a practical school in the art of the theatre. Carmel may be proud of what they are doing in American drama today.

LO—AND LO . . .

From the benighted "San Francisco Examiner," of August twenty-fifth:

CARMEL, Aug. 24.—Carmel is in an ugly mood today—ready to fight at the drop of a beret.

Her painters are squeezing pigments all over the place; her sculptors are viciously hurling gobs of clay, and her poets are threatening to write verse that you can understand without lying about it. All because of Kandinsky—or is it Kadinsky?

Indirectly The Carmelite, weekly publication, is at fault. The Carmelite had no more tact than to bring up Kadinsky in the same issue that announced a four-cent jump in the tax-rate, coupled with increased assessments.

With an article titled "Some Notes on Kadinsky" it published a painting by Kandinsky—a portrait, or a sea-scape or a demonstration of a nice problem in Euclidian geometry—a painting labeled "Circles With Loose Forms."

Carmel looked, and went home and sat in a corner and frothed in the mouth. Half the village is resentful because it believes its leg is being pulled; the other half despondent because it believes maybe this Kadinsky-Kandinsky is two artistic jumps ahead of it.

According to the accompanying notes, "Circle With Loose Forms" deals with arch types—with "active energies, disciplined, ordered in their relation to space."

Critics, without carping at this interpretation, were inclined to condemn the handling of the non-skid tire in the upper foreground—while technically correct, they declared, it fails to reveal the true soul of Akron.

The artist, they inferred, should confine himself to triangles, whose nature he apparently understands, and should not create loose forms that make the observer feel tight.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN RUSSIA

No intelligent contemplation of world affairs can ignore events in Russia. Reports of political activities, not always of a savoury nature, have more or less obscured news of economic and social developments, but occasional glimpses of an authentic nature percolate through. Such a glimpse is afforded in the following letter written by a Russian peasant to Albert Rhys Williams, who formerly made his home in Carmel.

First of all I and my wife and my sons send to you greetings from our souls. Since the month of June, when I met your brother at a *vetcherinka* at the Boorenkov's, I have had no news from you—not the least little bit. We here in Dor are all alive and healthy.

Our village choir, which you heard at the beginning five years ago, is singing better all the time. We sing all the old folk-songs, both the sad weeping ones and the merry dancing ones. Some only the old folks remember, so I am writing down the words and the notes. But it is very difficult as the only education I got was three years in a village school. We gave a concert again in the House of the Peasants in Moscow and there was much praise in the papers. For we sang the folk-songs, not as they do in the theatres but as we peasants do at work and on holidays. And everybody liked this music breathing of the fields and forests, the far away and long ago. We also sang the new revolutionary songs and ditties and those about the new collectives. Some day maybe we shall even come to your America and your people will hear and see singing and dancing such as they never saw or heard before.

But that won't be soon, I fear, because there is so much to keep us all busy in our own U. S. S. R. The changes taking place in your own country since you left are tremendous. So tremendous that I feel it difficult even to explain to you how far we have progressed in all departments of our new life since you left us. Especially in political and social affairs we are going ahead I might say at double tempo, by forced marches. The eagerness to learn is greater than ever before and so the liquidation of illiteracy and superstition among us is fast advancing. The new life is completely crowding out the old. Most important of all is the radical change of all our extremely primitive and "grandfather" methods of agriculture. The conversion of our little individual plots of land into great peasant "collectives" or into vast state farms of the most advanced type. This, is my

opinion, is all that is necessary for the widest development and flowering of our national welfare. Throughout the U. S. S. R. goes on an intense propaganda of ideas and methods of collective labor aiming at the combination of all the means of production into completely socialized units, making it possible to put into operation all the present day scientific and technical processes (which it would be impossible to do in agriculture carried on in small divisions). And to the surprise of everybody, our peasantry did not stand up and fight for their obsolete forms of individual farming.

Right now, in our little Volost, which you know so well, is going on a continuous collectivization and we all, with all our might, are going over to the socially planned economy. Naturally, not everywhere does this basic revolution proceed quietly and smoothly.

On the one hand is always the ignorance and darkness of our poorest peasantry, on the other hand there has been at times the opposition of the *kulaks*. But even with such instances, in comparison with the vastness of the movement, were not so many. And in our Volost almost nothing of the kind has occurred. But it would be extremely strange if there were none at all. For you will remember the stories I told you about what occurred here twenty years ago. How vainly I tried to persuade our villagers to begin the sowing of clover and the rotation of crops. Now there is not a single *mujik* among us who could imagine how we could carry on farming in the old way. But then the women wept, the men cursed and the Orthodox called me Antichrist and many wanted to kill me. It is not surprising then that against this tremendous reform in agriculture

there should be loud protests and outcries, and the malicious villainy of the *kulak* goes sometimes to the length of destruction of property and even of murder. Such things naturally are severely dealt with.

Unfortunately the agitation of the *kulaks* has had very bad results in reducing the number of our live-stock. But this we consider as temporary. With all means of production and the land in the hands of the toiling people we shall be able to put through this great revolution in the use of the land. And with the new method of farming we hope in the not far distant future to increase production to limits unprecedented in our hitherto backward country. All the strength of the Soviet Union is being poured into the education and organization of the peasants on the new lines. Everybody is ceaselessly busy and the work is coming to the boiling point. Agronomists and experts are laying out plans for the new collectives, the new dwellings and barns and cattle yards. New and enthusiastic groups of leaders and technicians are studying and training themselves in the new methods.

I with my own husbandry, have joined the neighboring village of Dor on the hill across the river. This community, as you know, is very poor. We have called our collective by the name of "Freedom" and we firmly believe and hope that our united free toil will lead all our peasants out into the road of universal high material prosperity and many-sided intellectual development. We know very well that at first we must work with all our might for the establishment of the new way. We have the strength, the knowledge and the will—the rest will come of itself.

PETER GLEBOVICH YARKOV

A Poem by Helen Hoyt . . .

WHAT THOUGH THE PENALTY

*What though the penalty of this fire be desolation?
Let there be no relenting, no faint contrition.
The fumes of the smoke shall be sweet in our nostrils,
The world be laid as a burnt offering at our feet,
The world be as fuel to warm our fingers in autumn—
A log that grew from the roots of chaos for us to cut down.
Enough for us that the heat of its burning
Edges our vigor, sharpens our laughter;
That the light of it lightens our eyes, brightens our blood—
Enough, if there be left to us, after the flame dies,—
After the reflection dies from our eyes and all glow fades—
A tender blue spiral of smoke languidly curled.
Let the brightness of fire so blind us we cannot see
How blind is the black ash of the mountain side, whose beauty we burned
away—
How stark and blind the black stalks of the trees,
Limbless and naked of shade forever; naked of leaf, their roots blind in the
earth.*

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Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

Continued from last week

Those two Starr boys were, as I found out later, the best men in camp with a gun; quick, calm and sure; never argumentative, dodged trouble but never ran from it. They had the respect and liking of every man in camp.

I remember an incident there that will show the calibre of the Starrs.

I had turned the bend in the main street of Mercur when I saw a rather small, stocky man walk out to the middle of the street and commence to yell that he could lick any blankety-blank in town; then, to emphasize it, he pulls out a "forty-five" and blazes away. He was impartial as to which side of the street he challenged—one shot left, one shot right. I being the nearest to him on his right, felt that the honor of the family was at stake and then and there the last of the Sheridans broke all records for a fifty-foot dash. If I remember correctly I made the fifty feet in one second less than nothing. From in between two houses I heard two more shots and a lot more challenges for anyone and everyone to fight. I peeked out and from the opposite side of the street I saw George Starr walking toward the scrappy one, talking in a quiet tone in effect that "Shorty" certainly didn't want to fight with a good friend like George. Starr talked himself to the shooter, patted him on the shoulder and, talking all the time, eased the belligerent into a bar-room "to have a drink." George could have shot the gun out of his hand or plugged him in the shoulder, but he wasn't that kind. As he told me afterwards, " 'Shorty' is a heluva

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nice fellow when he isn't drinking; I didn't want anyone to plug him." "Shorty" wasn't any particular friend of Starr's—he was just one of a few hundred miners working around. That explains George Starr, and his brother was another like him.

Those two got a lot out of life in the way of thrills. A happy-go-lucky pair. You couldn't help but like them, especially George; laughing, joking, careless, fearless—perfect type of the Western gunman. I believe "agin the law" was born in them, for they were kin to that famous female outlaw, Belle Starr, first cousins, I think. I'm glad I knew them, I'm glad I liked them, I'm glad I'm fond of my memory of them.

Bingham Canyon, where now the Utah Copper Company now digs up ore with steam shovels, is of little use to me for anecdotes save on my last playing night there I ran fifteen dollars up to three hundred dollars and quit (quitting when winning is a highlight). Fritz Miller, who ran the theatre and the gambling underneath, laughingly said as I cashed my checks, "Alright Frank I'll take it away from you the next time you come." Jovial old Fritz missed his guess—I never went back.

Bingham Canyon in those days was a steep four-mile rut in the hills; the Winnemucca mine at the lower end and the Dalton Lark at the upper. The mining was for silver and galena; now it is a rich copper section.

Park City was another camp where a man's ancestry didn't bother him or anyone else. Its main street was a lopsided affair; houses on one side of it and a nice steep gulch on the other, a gulch where many a drunk missed his step and did a rapid-transit roll to the bottom. The town was a big one in silver-mining and had as fine a citizenry of cool, nervy and fast-on-the-draw individuals as you could wish for. An incident will illustrate the quality.

A little Irishman, "Curley" Daly, was a citizen who took care of his own business in a way that left nothing to be desired. "Curley" was away from town for a few weeks, "dealing bank" in another camp I believe. A couple of talkative gamblers began telling with various tones and emphasis what they collectively and individually were going to do to Daly when he showed up. A few days of this talk and one night, when they were "shooting off" in a bar-room in walks "Curley." The two bad men were at the bar drinking. All of the "innocent bystanders" moved out of range; I got a whiskey barrell between me and

baked delicacies to add the finishing touches to the menu . . .

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anything that might come out of "Curley's" gun. Much silence as Daly walked up to the pair and softly said, "I understand you wanted to see me." Talk about quiet—I think the grave would be a boiler factory compared with the seconds that followed. Not a move from anyone. The three at the bar eyed each other; I could see Daly's face, calm as that of a man after a good dinner. He might have been asking a friend about his wife's health, for all that his expression revealed. God, what a silence; it hurt. I can almost feel it now. A gun-play would have been a relief. I suppose it lasted about thirty seconds, but it seemed—oh! so long. Somebody spoke and I let go my breath—I hadn't breathed after Daly spoke, I guess. It was one of the trouble-seekers who answered "Curley's" assertion spoken long, long ago: "Why no, 'Curley,' we weren't looking for you. Have a drink." Daly had broken their nerve. He told them quietly to get out of town in an hour, and stay out. From the way they made an exit, I'll bet they beat the limit by forty-five minutes. The next day Daly went back to the camp where he was working.

You'll hear a lot that is unsavoury about the gunman of the Old West, but this is my summing up: The man with a lot of killings was the fellow who played with "an ace in the hole"—that is, caught the other fellow in a bad spot to draw, or knew his man was slow on drawing, or got "tenderfeet" who packed a gun but didn't know how to use it. They would build up a reputation for themselves, and get away with it until they ran up against a man like "Curley" Daly, and be sent over the great divide.

But the West was full of the Daly kind—law-abiding citizens who never looked for trouble and never dodged it. It may seem strange to you who don't know, that I would couple law-abiding and gambling, but you must understand that gambling was a legitimate business out there, licensed the same as a restaurant or dry goods store. And as a last word on the subject, I want to say that some of the truest friends I ever had and the kindest gentlemen I ever knew have been professional gamblers.

I read in a late edition of "Collier's" an interesting article by William Shepherd telling of the "wide-openness" of Butte; that one could get a play for his money at any old game, but, sad to say, there was only one faro-bank dealing in the town. A lot different from the old days when I started to play bank with five dollars and won the two hundred and fifty that took me out of town and into the "Darkest Russia" engagement.

Only one faro box working in Butte; that's a terrible blow at our grand old American institutions—if it keeps on at this rate it will be hard to dig up enough people to have a poker game in a few years.

Later: Sam Blythe, Fred Bechdolt, Jo Mora, Sam Munter and myself gathered the other day to discuss the decline and fall of noble and worthy American ideals, habits, pastimes, inclinations, and what-nots; and after "viewing with alarm" etc., we solved the mystery by unanimously agreeing that faro requires intelligence to be played correctly.

I thought I was going to wind up my adventures in Utah two weeks ago, but I find that I couldn't. There was much to tell—many to speak about—friends who pulled me out of slumps—men like Charlie Burton, the manager of the Salt Lake Theatre for many years, who will never die in my memory for the many kind things he did, for me and for others. Charlie was another reason I was enthusiastic about the Mormon people, he being a prominent member of the faith.

Perhaps it would be fitting here to say to the searcher after fascinating historical reading, that nothing I ever read is truer to records, or more gripping as a narrative than Fredrick Bechdolt's story of "Giants of the Old West"—the final proofs of which I've just had the joy of reading.

That book will tell you what these Mormon people did with a plow, a hoe, and a gun, and tell you in a style that, for intensity, has any western fiction story I have ever read beaten both ways from the ace.

Continued in next issue

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The Crime

by Alice de Nair

One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .
 One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .
 Walking and counting, walking and counting . . .
 He never could get beyond four
 Must be another mile now and I've crushed
 The life out of hundreds of crawling things
 Smaller than myself
 Couldn't get beyond four . . . four

One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .
 He was counting, counting, counting.
 All through those hours before he died.
 His fine lips stretched unrecognizable in agony,
 Over transparent teeth that stood out from his face
 Like parched shells caught in granite:
 Things of a dead world.
 He lived like that for twenty hours.
 Counting, counting to four until his jaws clung together.
 They buried him in the earth near the silver mine.
 I laughed. They cursed my mirth with their reverent
 Solemnity as they dropped him into the soil.
 Soil that had grudged him the silver with which
 To be embalmed, buried, prayed over. Miserly soil.
 Taking back its coin. Money . . . money.
 And they preached of his soul
 As they bent over the dirty mound.

That was four days ago. Four . . . four . . .
 Must have walked another mile.
 I must keep walking, walking, walking.
 He worked all his life to save enough to bury him.
 Worked over books under an electric light.
 Counting figures for the man who hired him.
 The man who treated him like these crawling things
 I'm stamping on. Who smelled with the smugness
 Of constipated riches. The man who was so bloated with self
 He outgrew his skin and died for lack of gorging space.
 His casket will be embossed with silver.
 It'll be dug up some day and the metal sold as
 A primitive specimen to a museum.
 Money . . . Money . . . Money.
 The marble monument to weight his coffin
 Will be crumbled by then. Marble that cost thousands.
 Crumbled and mingled with the flesh and blood
 That helped to build it. All dust together:

The slaves, the marble, the men who wrenched silver
 From the ground. Ground that will heave up his ashes.

Counting and walking, counting and walking.
 One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .
 One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .
 I can't stop. I can hear him counting.
 He loved the sun, creation, beauty, freedom.
 He lived under lamplight, counting numbers. A slave.
 They rejoiced when he was born. They mourned him dead.
 Alive they forgot he wanted to live; forty when he died.
 Always said he was going to write some day.
 Some day when he had enough money to free his fingers
 Of bookkeeper's cramps. Money . . . money . . .
 A seething fountain of thoughts in his head.
 But his hands were too tired. He used to sit
 With his hands under his arm-pits and talk
 To me at night. Talked as though I weren't there.
 Said things aloud that most men only dare to think.
 Courageous, beautiful, awful things
 That would free my body of its soul until
 I'd cry out to stop him. I could not stand
 The freezing pain of exposure.

Christ, I'm tired.
 Stinking tired with the sweat of walking, walking.
 He was tired like this the night he cried.
 I had never seen him cry. He came home . . .
 Home to our back hall room. . . Been fired.
 Fell sick at his desk. Hemorrhage.
 Handed his two weeks' check and told to go.
 He walked home . . . dying. Walked.

And I'm walking, walking, walking.
 All night I walked.
 Around and around the building where he worked.
 At dawn I broke a window and sneaked in.
 The man he worked for came early.
 I was in his room. "Well?" he said.
 I drew a gun. A gun I stole. I don't know where.
 "Money, money!" I screamed.
 "Your money killed my father . . ."
 I shot him as he laughed at me.
 He will be smiling when they bury him.
 His casket will be embossed with silver and cost
 Thousands.

Christ I'm tired!
 Tired of walking and counting, walking and counting . . .
 One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .
 One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . .

SAVE THE TREES

Constance Balfour, concert singer, returning to her Los Angeles home after a five-year absence in France and Italy, looked upon the southern scene with a Rip Van Winklish eye and found cause for concern in the tree-denuded streets of her native heath. Her remarks, as reported in a Pasadena newspaper, are worth reading in Carmel, if only to afford further justification (were such deemed necessary) for the watchful guardianship exercised by the City Council of Carmel.

Said Mrs. Balfour:

"Marked among the changes I note is the absence of trees we used to have, trees that were destroyed in our somewhat doubtful march of progress.

"One of the loveliest memories of Paris is of the trees. In so great a city it seems impossible. But right on its busiest streets one finds trees. Then there are the parkways. Lovely vistas open up in the most unexpected places.

"Then I return to Los Angeles and the first thing I see is the destruction of trees—beautiful, graceful trees that took more than man's span of life to grow!

"We should be careful, for we are making our background now for a future characteristic culture. I believe the time is not far off when we will lead in artistic enterprises just as we do in civic and industrial and financial enterprises."

WE GROW

Monterey county, with a gain of 25,688, had the thirteenth highest increase in population among California counties in the ten year period 1920 to 1930, according to late figures from the Bureau of the Census.

In percentage of population increase the county ranked fourth, showing a ninety-two per cent increase, or an increase of from 27,980 in 1920 to 53,668 in 1930.

The state of California showed an increase of sixty-five and one-half per cent in population, going from 3,426,861 in 1920 to 5,672,009 in 1930, or an increase of 2,245,148. The increase in population for continental United States as a whole was but 16.1 per cent, total population in 1930 being 122,698,190 persons.

Two California counties showed population increases of over one hundred per cent in the ten year period, Los Angeles and San Mateo, while fourteen counties, of which Monterey county was one, showed increases in population of fifty per cent or over.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Christ Jesus" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon next Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger" (Luke 2:8, 10, 11, 16).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Jesus was born of Mary. Christ is the true idea voicing good, the divine message from God to men speaking to the human consciousness. The Christ is incorporeal, spiritual,—yea, the divine image and likeness, dispelling the illusions of the senses; the Way, the Truth, and the life, healing the sick and casting out devils, destroying sin, disease and death" (p. 332).

COMMUNITY CHURCH

The Order of Divine Worship for Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the Carmel Community Church will be as follows:

Organ Voluntary, "Largo from Xerxes," Handel.
Hymn of Praise by congregation.
Recitation of Apostles' Creed.
Pastoral Prayer and the Our Father.
Responsive Reading from the Psalter.
The Gloria Patri.
New Testament Lesson.
Offertory. Special Recorded Music.
Sermon: The Rev. G. L. Freeland, Episcopal minister of Marysville, will be pulpit guest and will preach the sermon for the day.
Concluding Hymn of Devotion.
Benediction.
Doxology.

DEL MONTE CALENDAR

The coming month will be a busy one at Del Monte. Included on the sports program are the following:

September first—Women's North vs. South team matches.
September first to seventh—California Amateur Golf Championship.
September third to seventh—Del Monte Championship for Women.
September fourteenth, twenty-first and twenty-eighth—Monterey Peninsula golf championship.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

(The Carmelite is the Official Newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.)

CERTIFICATE OF DOING BUSINESS UNDER THE FICTITIOUS NAME OF

"CARMEL DAIRY DEPOT"

BE IT KNOWN:

That We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are a co-partnership conducting a Dairy Business in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, under the fictitious name of

"CARMEL DAIRY DEPOT."

That our principal place of business and office is on Ocean Avenue, between San Carlos Street and Mission Street in the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

That our full names and residences are:

EARL FLOYD GRAFT, residing on Guadalupe Street, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

JOHN HENRY BELL JR. residing on Junipero Street, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

EVERETT E. LITTLEFIELD, residing on Franklin Street, in the City of Monterey, California.

That we are the only persons interested in said business.

IN WITNESS WE HAVE HERE-UNTO SET OUR HANDS THIS 7th. day of July 1930.

EARL F. GRAFT.

JOHN HENRY BELL JR.

EVERETT E. LITTLEFIELD.

State of California :

: s.s.

County of Monterey. :

On this 7th. day of July 1930, before me, a Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared EARL FLOYD GRAFT, JOHN HENRY BELL JR, and EVERETT E. LITTLEFIELD, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within Instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal in the City of Monterey, County of Monterey, State of California, the day and year first above written in this Certificate.

FRANK C. JAKOBS.

NOTARIAL SEAL.

Notary

Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.

Endorsed. Filed July 26th. 1930.

C. F. JOY, County Clerk.

By EDNA E. THORNE

Deputy.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR
ANGUST 28, 1930
NUMBER 26

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR IS THE SPRING-OFF OF THE REGULAR CARMELITE

NORMAN BAYLEY EDITOR

OUR VIEWS

TRAFFIC IN CARMEL

I have noticed that some people on Dolores street deliberately double park and leave the car in the street and walk in some store and do their business. It is true that tourists go along in a car and all of a sudden they will see some frock they like or some other doo-dad and they will stop there and look at it while the traffic waits behind. Speaking about traffic if the tourists would park on some other place besides the busy streets it would help a lot. Some tourists park on the busy streets when they want to go around the town on foot, it is just as easy and just as good to park on one of the side streets.

† † †

THE SPRINKLER

Mother took the house plants
And put them under the sprinkler.
It was funny how they were all standing there
Perfectly still—drinking.

They were all facing toward the sun.
The sprinkler was sitting happily on
top of the rocks
Shedding its water.
It was not greedy.

When the little drops hit the flowers
They look like saying "thank you."
Then they let the water slide down to
the roots.

Max Hagemeyer

† † †

THE BANK

It was close to midnight in the quiet little town of Carmel. Everyone was asleep when a shadow glided up to the door of the Bank of Carmel. After a

bit of fumbling the door opened and closed once more and silence reigned.

The next morning the President was showing two boys through the vault. First they saw the safe deposit room. This is a separate room in the vault where the safe deposit boxes are kept. These are in steel drawers. Anyone wanting to rob a box would find it rather difficult, for he would have to first get into the bank, and then consecutively into the vault, safe deposit room, drawer and box. They then saw the currency safe. This is a small safe about two and a half feet in diameter. The door is over a foot thick. It is locked by a time lock. The time lock consists of two little dials which are set for a certain time. The safe cannot possibly be opened until that time, and then only by the combination.

Then they saw the bank's private file room, where all the checks are kept until the statements are compiled at the end of the month. The vault door underwent inspection next. There were bolts on both sides, top and bottom. There was a time lock on this also. Suddenly the bank president exclaimed, "Hello, someone's been tampering with this." Then he called an employee and he agreed. "Somebody tried to get in last night." was his opinion. They hastily went into the vault and checked up on



proves," said he, "that our safe is bur-the funds, which were all there. The

President then turned to the boys. "This glar proof." Then they went back to the office. On the way the boys noticed that all the adding machines were electric and thought they would be handy in school. In the office one of the boys noticed a round metal disk set in the wall near the vault door. The president explained that it was a vault ventilator this is in case anyone is shut in the vault. They can take out the plug and put in an arrangement with a fan in it and plug it in. This changes the air in the vault every three minutes. He added that very few banks had this. It can not be operated from outside the vault. The boys then learned that ordinarily an adding machine will only add and subtract, but a skilled operator can do almost anything with one. The boys then thanked the President and left.

(Editor's Note:— Don't believe everything you see in this article. The story running through this is fiction. However the President of the bank really did show the author of this article on a tour of inspection.

Robert Kennedy

† † †

THE BUILDING OF BAMBA

This play took place in the Forest Theater, and was put on very well. There was no real object in the dancing or no real melody in the songs and to tell the truth there was no real plot in the play. This play is probably the only one of its kind that has ever been played in the Forest Theater. The reason is because it was so very simple the music was simple but there was something in it that was pretty. The stage settings were also simple and yet they were attractive because they were so real. The play was really for its singing, in other words it was sort of an opera. Last but not least the costumes which were just colored robes like the rest of the things were very simple.

The first scene was composed mostly singing which was very nice. The second scene was singing which was under the stage. The third scene was this long chain of people which looked like a snake trailed on to the stage coiled up and then some one from the middle sang a song and then the snake uncoiled and went off the stage again and it took an awful long time to uncoil and go off the stage again. The fourth scene was also singing and on the whole it was a very good play. It was presented by the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

N. B.

continuing THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

SHIP WRECKED

(Continued from last week.)

SHIPWRECKED

Seeing that there was no use trying to hide any longer in so small a boat, they just pretended that nothing had happened. Bill was thinking hard even when his pal spoke to him he never answered. Finally he said to Jack, "I think that we ought to make known to him about us getting that telegram and then he would know that to kill us would be of no use to him." Jack liked the plan and said, "If we pretend that we haven't opened the telegram until that moment it will be of interest to him as to what the telegram says and when we read it aloud we will be right by him so he will hear it."

The boys agreed on that plan and waited for the time they should work on it, which they soon found. The man that they were trying to dodge came over to them as they wanted him to as soon as they opened the telegram. Bill read it aloud to Jack. It read, "Boys, I am sorry that I had to send you over there for nothing but you can get on the other boat that goes around the world when you get to Europe. The reason for this is that the man you were to go over to see has come over here for a pleasure trip and for this occasion also so you will not have to see him."

After he had read the letter he folded it up and put it in his pocket. He gave a quick glance at the man who had been following them and who was now looking over his shoulder. The man went back where he usually sat and seemed to be in deep thought. After the boys had watched him awhile, they could tell by the expression on his face that their plan had worked. They were just shaking hands with themselves when they happened to look over in his direction, and they saw that his face had changed and he seemed to have a glad look upon his face and yet there was something wicked about it that the boys didn't like at all.

All went fairly good for awhile, the food was steadily decreasing but it would carry them for a week if they were careful and they had some hopes of rain. Bill woke up one morning extra early. He rubbed his eyes and looked about him to find that the sea was extra high.

He turned around and there was land or it was some he was just imagining. He looked again and said to himself that must be and it wasn't more than a hundred feet from the boat. He grabbed the paddles that nobody had used for a long time and began to row and in a short time he was on land. He immediately awoke his pal who was so surprised that he thought he was dreaming. It didn't take long to wake the others who also would not believe their eyes. The first thing they did was to build a camp and the second thing was to find out where they were, and get some food.



After they were settled, the boys began to worry about what the man that was after them was going to do next. The boys were wise, they built their tent up in a tree that had no branches for a long way up and the boys got up by a ladder which they pulled up at night. The first night was approaching and the boys felt as safe as if they were home. As they got in bed little did they realize that the enemy was planning something that very night and little did they realize that they may not wake up in the morning.

To be continued next week.

† † †

Pats for Pets

POINTS TO REMEMBER

When you feed your dog always remember to feed him in a pan not on the floor or on the ground. The scrapings from the table are good when they are fresh for animals. If you feed your dog yourself you can control him better. Do not feed dogs chicken bones because they have a hard substance on them which frequently cuts through the in-

testines. Use a leather collar not one made of metal. Do not chain a dog unless it is necessary. If a dog is vicious or gets into bad habits it is largely your fault. If the dog has a habit of jumping up on you, just gently put your foot on a hind foot, do this a number of times and he will soon stay on the ground. Put your own name and address on the dogs collar, not the dogs.

Do not kick or slap a dog on the head. Use a switch or grab him by the neck and back and shake him. Do not holler at a dog unless he is at a distance, talk to him in a moderate tone. Do not let your dog chase horses or autos on the road, it is a very bad habit. Do not give your dog a more than a three letter name, if you want to use one for his pedigree, give him a short kennel name. Do not borrow a dog and do not lend one, you may spoil your friends dog or he yours, a dog must know his master. Do not punish a dog long after his fault has been committed, and be sure he knows exactly for what the punishment is administered. Do not keep a dog in a hot room and then turn him out into the cold night.

Try to keep a breed that will not require to have its ears or tail trimmed.

N. B.



EDITORS NOTE

I would be very glad if any one would contribute to the "Pats for Pets" column if any of you children have dogs or cats or any other animal that has done anything out of the usual send it in to the Carmelite office and I would be glad to put it in. The Pats for Pets is not for just those on the staff of the Carmelite Junior but every child that will write anything of their ideas on animals. I will be only too glad to publish it, that is what the Carmelite Junior is for.

1¢ a meal — to cook with *electricity*



*And the electric range
costs no more than
any good range*



Electric cooking has an aristocratic "atmosphere."

However, fine "atmosphere" should not mislead any one from true dollar-and-cents facts. Here they are:

You can cook a complete meal for four people with 4c worth of electricity. In addition, the price of an electric range itself is no more than any good range.

And how the electric range improves cooking! — and gives you more time for out-of-the-kitchen activities. For electric cooking can be entirely automatic. After a meal is placed in the oven, you never have to watch it — or baste the

meat. Moreover, the electric range is the "keynote" for a beautiful, clean kitchen.

Today's electric range has Improved Cooking Elements, 29 to 50% speedier. Fully enameled Rust-Proof Oven. Smokeless Broiler Pan. Smooth Porcelain Enamel which wipes clean easily. Cooker Pot. Automatic Oven Temperature Control, and a Special Time Clock for automatically turning the oven current on and off while you're away.

Come into our office or a dealer's store and see the fine new electric ranges. And remember, modern electric cooking IS economical.